

The Sketch

No. 1158.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



A NEW SOCIETY ACTRESS: THE HON. MRS. WALTER TREFUSIS, WHO APPEARS UNDER THE NAME OF MISS MARJORIE DEANE IN "DINNER FOR EIGHT," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

has come to light that Miss Marjorie Deane, who is in the cast of "Dinner for Eight," at the Ambassadors', with Miss Viola Tree, is the Hon. Mrs. Walter Trefusis, of Major the Hon. Walter Trefusis (son of the late Lord Clinton), who is among interned in Holland. Before her marriage, which took place in 1911, Mrs.

Trefusis was known as Miss Marjorie Graham. She is the daughter of Sir Henry John Lowndes Graham, K.C.B. Miss Tree and herself have been friends for years; when each of them was about four years old, they attended dancing together, under Mrs. Wordsworth, at Dorchester House.—[Photo, by L.]

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



Borrows of a Headmaster. What a bloodthirsty nation we are! At any rate, what a bloodthirsty nation we should be if all the good people who have shrieked at the Headmaster of Eton and Canon Simpson really meant what they said. It is so easy to write a letter to a newspaper—far easier than to carry out the awful threats of the writers. Would you, "Nemo," really like to take a sword in your hand and cut off the head of a protesting German lady? Would you, "Pro Patria," really take a little German child by the ankles and throw it into the Rhine? Of course you wouldn't! Then why are you so angry with poor Dr. Lyttelton? Is it possible that your sense of humour was in abeyance when you wrote that bloodthirsty letter to your favourite newspaper?

And which was the sentence in the report of Canon Simpson's sermon that made you so cross? Was it this: "As we think of the nation of war, and of the simple folk we must perforce include the bitter name of enemies, hatred dies out of the heart, and cry, 'As for these sheep, what have they done?'" Was it? Well, I will go further than Canon Simpson, and say that I was never any hatred in my heart for the poor simple folk who have been plunged into this war by the Kaiser and his satellites. If you must be bloodthirsty—and we are all bloodthirsty when we think of little children whose hands have been cut off—thirst for blood of the men who were responsible for such deeds, make your mind that you will never rest until these men have been punished for their horrible crimes, but don't waste the energies of indignation on headmasters and canons who are doing nothing to interpret, in a somewhat flaccid way, the Sermon on the Mount.

What We Want. After all, what do we want out of this war? Do we want a lot of money in return for our sacrifices? Well, we hope to be repaid what we have lost in the way of money, but we are certainly not fighting for money. The Germans say that of us, I have no doubt, but we know that the accusation is merely silly. One does not defend oneself from accusations that are obviously silly. Then what do we want? Do we want to upset the balance of Europe by wiping out every human creature with a drop of German blood in its veins? That is just as silly.

We know what we want, and, instead of writing to the newspapers, because the news is a little slack, about something that somebody has said, we must be absolutely determined that the war shall not stop until Belgium has been avenged and restored, until the bad men amongst the Germans have been sought out and punished—make the punishment as severe as you like—and until the German Army has been reduced to reasonable limits and the Navy to a justifiable size.

When you see the first sign of a peace that does not include these terms, then write to the papers, or make a speech in the street, or do anything you please to show your indignation.

A Mad World! What is the matter with everybody just now? Is the spring having an effect on our brains, or has the war sent us a little mad, or what is it? You cannot pretend, friend the reader, that we are all quite normal.

For instance, Sir James Barrie has written a little play called "The New Word," but nobody can tell you what the new word is. Some of the papers have told us that the new word is Second-Lieutenant. What on earth do they mean? Is "Second" the new

word, or is "Lieutenant" the new word? If the dramatist had meant two words, I presume he would have called his play "The New Words." But, in any case, is "Second" a new word? I cannot help thinking that I have heard it somewhere before. It has a familiar ring. And then "Lieutenant"—is that a new word? Surely there were such people as lieutenants in other wars?

Perhaps Sir James Barrie will reveal the mystery. In the meantime, he seems to be dropping into Mr. Shaw's habit of trying to startle us. A few weeks ago he showed us the Kaiser without a moustache, and now, I understand, he is exhibiting Mlle. Gaby Deslys with a perambulator. Why not let us have Lord Kitchener playing the flute or Mr. Winston Churchill planting radishes?

A Triolet from France.

I am very proud to think that my request for a triolet on the subject of H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* has brought a response—and a very good response, too—from the Army in France. The author does not ask me to withhold his name, so I may say that he is Captain G. T. Kingsford, stationed at the Territorial Base Camp, Rouen.

Here is his triolet—

Yours is a glorious life,
Bearing the name of a Queen.
Fashioned for war to the knife,
Yours is a glorious life!
Straight from the stocks to the strife,
Not a dull hour have you seen!
Yours is a glorious life,
Bearing the name of a Queen!

"Fashions for Men."

Even in the midst of the greatest war in the history of the world, it seems, the tailoring experts are gravely discussing whether the frock-coat will or will not once again become fashionable. A writer in a Sunday paper has interviewed an "expert" on the subject, and the expert has delivered himself of the following remarks—

"I can see the frock-coat coming into fashion by easy stages. The first will be the banishment of the morning-coat. In place of it, men will wear smart, black lounge coats with their silk hats (ugh!), coats that are always popular with some City men and known to them as Stock Exchange coats. The next step will be the re-introduction of a style that was fashionable about twenty-five years ago. I refer to the black, double-breasted coat, exactly like the ordinary reefer-coat that is usually made with a blue serge suit."

And so on. I suppose there must be a good many men who wear what the tailor expects them to wear instead of wearing what they like. This is a thing that I shall never be able to understand. When one is young, one is compelled to submit to other people's ideas in the way of clothes, but why should a grown man wear anything except the clothes that he likes?

Cecil Rhodes knew all that is worth knowing about dress—

"He always wore the same style of hat when on the veldt or at Groote Schuur—a soft, squash felt. When he went out, he wore a peculiarly shaped brown bowler, and I have never seen him wear any other shape. When in dress clothes, he invariably wore a black waistcoat, and, as a rule, displayed two or three inches of white shirt-front between the bottom of the waistcoat and top of the trousers."

OUT OF IT!



MRS. SIKES: Well, what d'yer think o' the war, Bill?

BILL (*emerging from a fifteen-years' stretch*): Lawks! Ain't they finished with ole Kroojer yet?

DRAWN BY ALFRED LETTE.

SOCIETY BUSYING ITSELF: SOME INTERESTING PERSONS



THE "THREE ARTS" AT-HOME: MISS MAY WHITTY (CHAIRMAN); MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER; MME. CLARA BUTT; AND MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH.



SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: LADY DOREEN LONG (ON LEFT); WITH A FRIEND.



A PERSONALITY IN PARIS: AT HOSPITAL

The call of the spring is making itself heard, despite the devastation of war and the pitilessness of north-east winds, and Society is once again as cheerful as it may. Our photographs show some well-known ladies—Miss May Whitty, Miss Constance Collier, Mme. Clara Butt, daughter, Miss Asquith, at an At-Home at the Three Arts Club workrooms in Somerset Street, where welcome work is being found hit by the war. No. 2 shows Lady Nelson, with her winning horse, Ally Sloper, the first horse of a lady owner to win the Grand National. No. 3 shows an interesting group at the Ghezireh Race

Photographs Nos. 1, 4, 6 and 7, v.

ES JUST CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AT HOME AND ABROAD.



OWNERS ARESSSES ALLY SLOPER AFTER HIS WIN.



SOCIETY AT THE RACES AT GHEZIREH: LADY MAXWELL; MME. VALENTINE ROLA; AND CAPTAIN WILFORD, A.D.C.



SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: MASTER CROSS, IN KHAKI, IN ROTTEN ROW.



SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: MRS. MITCHELL HENRY (ON RIGHT); WITH A FRIEND.

was present. They are: Lady Maxwell, wife of the British Commander-in-Chief of our Forces in Egypt, Mme. Valentine Rola, Lady-in-Waiting to H.H. the Sultana, and Captain Wilford, A.D.C. No. 4 shows Lady Doreen Long, wife of the Right Hon. Walter Long, P.C. No. 5 shows Miss Nora Sinclair, niece of Miss May Sinclair, the novelist, busily engaged washing materials to make vaccine for typhoid patients in France, where she is dividing her time between the American Hospital at Neuilly and the Government Hospital at Val de Grasse. No. 6 shows Master John Cross, son of the late Colonel Cross, of the Grenadier Guards, who rides daily in the Row, dressed in khaki uniform. No. 7 shows Mrs. Mitchell Henry, taking a morning walk in Hyde Park, with a friend.

No. 3, by Underwood and Underwood; and No. 5, by P. Brown.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WITH THE GERMAN ARMY AT THE FRONT.*

From One Side ; But Not One-Sided. Since Colonel Swinton, otherwise "Eye-Witness at Headquarters," alias "Ole Luk Oie," produced "The Green Curve," we have not read anything about modern warfare more satisfying than Mr. Irvin Cobb's "The Red Glutton," or, as we may presume it is styled in the United States, "With the German Army at the Front." Mr. Cobb, being an American, has been fortunate in that, with and without perfect passes, he has been able to see a good deal of the German Army at work. His path has not invariably been rosy (he was a prisoner, or, as the enemy had it, a guest, for a while), but it has led to new experiences and even to official recognition by War Lords. Very valuable ally to actualities is the writer's power of description: he can see and tell what he has seen. The result is a most picturesque narrative, necessarily from one side, but by no means one-sided.

Coopering ; and "Cochineal Bugs." Mr. Cobb has much facility of phrase and command of simile, to considerable extent of the unusual simile which gave G. W. Steevens such power. It is difficult in a confined space to give many instances. Here is one: "All day we had been hurrying along, trying to catch up with the German rearguard; but the Germans moved faster than we did, even though they fought as they went. They had gone round the southern part of Belgium like coopers round a cask, hooping it with tight bands of steel. Belgium—or this part of it—was all barrelled up now—chines, staves, and bung; and the Germans were already across the line, beating down the sod of France with their pelting feet." Some captious critic may call that American, even journalese. It is telling: nothing more is required. Again—Mr. Cobb is writing of what he saw from a German observation balloon—"For a while I watched some German soldiers moving forward through a criss-cross of trenches. . . . My eye strayed beyond them a fair distance and fell on a row of tiny scarlet dots, like cochineal bugs. . . . At that instant the Lieutenant . . . pointed 'Frenchmen,' he said; 'French infantrymen's trousers. One cannot make out their coats, but their red trousers show as they wriggle forward on their faces.'"

The Calculating German.

The Germans, Mr. Cobb argues, would never have sanctioned such a "visible" uniform—indeed, our gallant Allies have changed it. For the German, above all, calculates. His greatest enemy will not deny that: war is the business of so many. According to his lights, he is always thorough. He is even a thorough eater. Mr. Cobb records: "A German said to me . . . 'Why do we win? Three things are winning for us—good marching, good shooting, and good cooking; but most of all the cooking. When our troops stop there is always plenty of hot food for them. We never have to fight on an empty stomach—we Germans.' " It is the same with "débris." "The marvellous German system, which is made up of a million small things to form one great, complete thing, ordained that never, either when marching or camping, or even after fighting, should any object, however worthless, be discarded, lest it give to hostile eyes some hint as to the name of the command or the extent of its size. These Germans we were trailing cleaned up behind themselves as carefully as New England housewives." And so to—buttons! "Once, as a cook perched on a step at the back of his wagon bent forward to stir the stew with a spoon almost big enough for a spade, I saw under his hiked-up coat-tails that at the back of his grey trousers there were four suspender buttons in a row instead of two. The purpose of this was plain: when his suspenders chafed him he might, by shifting the straps to different buttons, shift the strain on his shoulders. All German soldiers' trousers have this extra garnishment of buttons aft. Somebody thought of that. Somebody thought of everything."

Von Heeringen and Kitchener.

There is the personal touch also. Read Mr. Cobb on a German leader—his Excellency Field-Marshal von Heeringen, commanding the Seventh Army of the German Kaiser—"nearer eighty than fifty, being one of the veterans of the Franco-Prussian War whom their Emperor had ordered out of desk-jobs in the first days of August to shepherd his forces in the field. At his call they came—Von Heeringen and Von Hindenburg and Von Zwehl, to mention three names that speedily became catch-words round the world—with grey heads full of Prussian war-tactics." Von Heeringen Mr. Cobb found very like Lord Kitchener. How? "Physically the two men—Kitchener of Khartoum and Von Heeringen, the Gray Ghost of Metz—had nothing in common; mentally, I conceive them to be unlike. . . . I marvelled to myself that day in London why, when I looked at Kitchener, I should think of von Heeringen. In another minute, though, I knew why: both men radiated the same quality of masterfulness, both of them physically typified competency, both of them looked on the world with the eyes of men who are born to have power and hold dominion over lesser men. Put either of these two in the rags of a beggar or the motley of a Pantaloon, and at a glance you would know him for a leader."—Mr. Irvin Cobb's book must be read.

* "The Red Glutton: With the German Army at the Front." By Irvin S. Cobb. (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s.)



SOME ODD ANIMAL ALLIES : IN GERMAN "ZOOS" : "CAVIARE TO THE GENERAL."

Wild Beasts and the War.

I doubt whether many people have given a thought to the part wild beasts at large are playing in the war, or to the effect that the war is having on wild beasts in captivity. The other day, when a fine old campaigner issued his recruiting notice to bring together a corps for service in Africa, he stated, as a supreme inducement to the daredevils whom he wanted, that in that part of the country in which the fighting would take place there would be as much danger from lions as from the Germans. This, to the man who looks on fighting as the most glorious form of sport, served as a double inducement to join.

The Pro-German "Rhino."

From Africa comes a fine wild-beast story of the war. It concerns a rhinoceros who evidently had pro-German sympathies. A company of Indian troops, with their British officers, were making a night journey in motor-cars to steal a march on the Germans who were in the vicinity. Unfortunately, a rhinoceros had chosen for his sleeping-place a spot near by the track over which the cars passed. I can sympathise with the beast for feeling annoyed when its slumbers were disturbed, and it relieved its wrath by charging full speed at the leading car—a satisfaction denied to human beings who find themselves in like case. It missed the first car, not being accustomed to judge the speed of motors, but it made a better shot at the second car and turned it over, and it demolished yet another car before it was stabbed to death, for the men were not allowed to fire, as that would have warned the Germans of the approach of a British force.

An Army of Bees.

A story, also from Africa, reaches me of wild bees who were decidedly anti-British, even if they were not pro-German. A part of one of our Indian regiments found a track through the tropical bush which was apparently unguarded, and by which they could turn one of the German positions. Wondering that the Germans had left this road open and unwatched, the Indians came down it, taking every precaution against surprise and ambush. The ambush was there, but not contrived by the Germans. Millions of bees attacked our men, and the gallant Indians, who would have faced unflinchingly the hottest rifle and magazine-gun fire, had to turn tail before the attack of the innumerable small enemies. No doubt the Germans had previously gone through a similar experience, and knew that they could safely leave that path unwatched.

The Singapore Snakes.

Of the imprisoned Germans who were released by the Indian rioters at Singapore there are, so the Colonial Secretary said the other evening through the medium of the Press Bureau, eleven still unaccounted for. Fifty years ago, the tigers who used to swim across the Straits

of Johore to the island would certainly have put "paid" against the account of some of the missing Germans; but nowadays, if any of the errant Bosches have been killed by pro-British wild things, snakes are likely to have been the executioners. There are some enormous boa-constrictors, or snakes of a like kind, in the thick jungle on the island, and one man I knew during my stay in Singapore had a wonderful tale to tell how, driving home at night in a little cart, his Pegu pony jumped something that lay across the drive, and how the wheels of the cart went with a jolt over what he thought was a fallen tree. Next morning his gardeners brought in triumph to his bungalow a huge snake with its back broken.



AS THE U.S. SEE IT.

"An' the gobble-uns 'll git you Ef you don't watch out!"
By Courtesy of "Life."

Live Venison in the "Zoo."

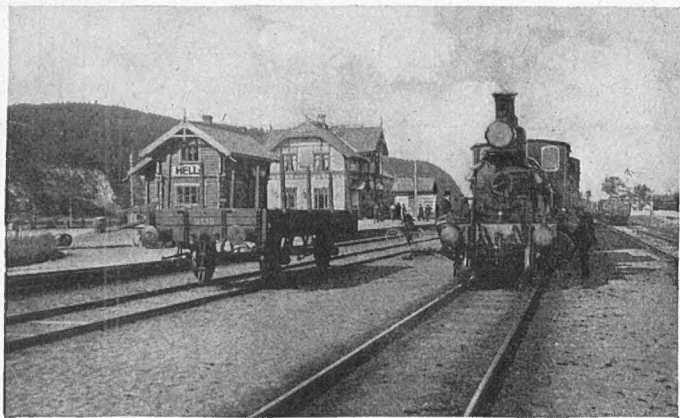
I do not suppose that the wild beasts in the "Zoos" of the German towns are enjoying themselves at all. Luckily for them, lions and tigers and other carnivorous beasts do not turn into chops and steaks, briskets and sirloins that man can eat; and, as Germany has not yet fallen back on horseflesh as food for her people, no doubt the great beasts of prey still get their daily food. But I fancy that the nice fat deer, great and small, which are excellent eating and which consume much forage, will by now have disappeared. It would be more than Germans living on pork and "K" bread could endure to see toothsome venison walking about alive and consuming hay that is much needed by the German cavalry horses.

Baked Elephant's Feet.

The elephant in the Antwerp "Zoo" was treated as a captive of war, and was used by his capturers to carry wood for the fortifica-

tions the Germans have been so busy throwing up in Belgium to resist the advance of the Allies. Possibly that elephant is still doing this work, but any German officers who have been in Africa must know that elephants' feet, baked in a pit filled with hot wood ashes, are considered great delicacies, and that an elephant's tongue is also not to be despised when boiled. In Paris, during the siege in the last war, all the animals in the "Zoo" that were eatable were eaten, and some of the bills-of-fare of great feasts at the restaurants during that period are still preserved as curiosities. A bear-ham, when the animal has fed on wild fruits and nuts, is capital eating; monkey-flesh is not to be despised; and some snakes, I am assured, are really delicacies, though I have never been bold enough to make an essay on such out-of-the-way food. Snails and a porcupine mark the utmost line of my gastronomic excursions into the strange. The porcupine baked in clay, which clay when broken off took with it the quills, was excellent; but the snails, at which I have made more than one attempt at Prunier's in Paris, were—ugh!

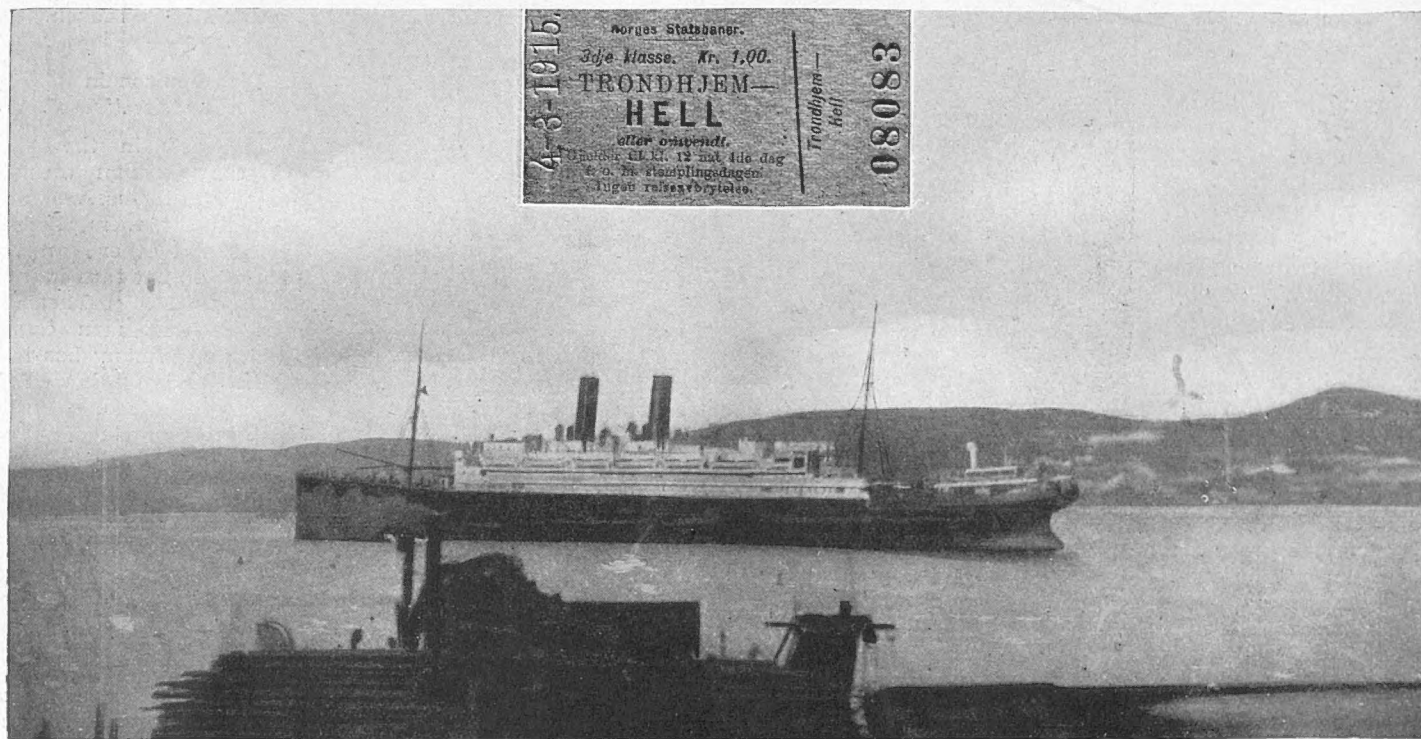
THE VERY PLACE FOR THE KAISER! "THIRD SINGLE—HELL."



A PLACE MANY WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE KAISER ALIGHT AT—
FOR EXILE: HELL—THE RAILWAY STATION.



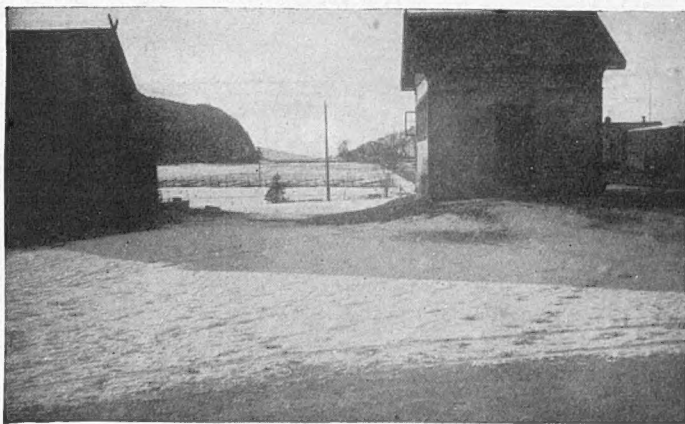
A GOOD GUARD FOR THE KAISER! THE MAN IN CHARGE OF HELL—
THE HELL THAT IS ON EARTH!



INTERNED NEAR HELL, AND DOUBTLESS FEELING ITS POSITION! THE GERMAN COMMERCE-RAIDER BERLIN.
INSET: THE RIGHT SORT OF TICKET FOR THE KAISER: A SINGLE TO HELL.



AN APPROPRIATE PLACE OF EXILE FOR THE KAISER
HELL.



A THING MANY WOULD NOT EXPECT:
SNOW IN HELL.

Infernal as some may consider the idea, there must be many who would deem Hell an appropriate place of exile for the Kaiser. The power of man cannot confine him to the fiery regions of the Scriptures; but there is another Hell to which he might be sent, although many might think it too comfortable for him; and what the few dwellers there would say, Heaven alone knows! This Hell, which we beg to say at once we

have no wish to libel, is a railway-junction near the Trondhjem Fjord, on the Norwegian Atlantic sea-board. The ticket reproduced is of the kind recommended for the use of the German Emperor; a single, not a return. It will carry either way—"to" is the route for the enemy; and, be it noted, the ticket states "no break in the journey allowed."—[Photographs by Bassett Digby.]

SOME NUMBER: "5064 GERRARD," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

1. NOT IN "ROSY RAPTURE": MR. ROBERT HALE AS ROSIE RAPTURE, OTHERWISE THE ONLY GABY; AND MR. JACK MORRISON AS A REVUE AUTHOR, OTHERWISE SIR JAMES BARRIE.
3. AS MRS. WHATNOT: MISS LEE WHITE.

2. AS GABY, THE HEAD-DRESSED AND PEARLED: MR. ROBERT HALE IN THE "ROSY RAPTURE" MOMENT OF THE MURRAY'S CLUB SCENE OF "5064 GERRARD."
4. AS A BOY SCOUT: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

"5064 Gerrard," the new revue at the Alhambra, presents a number of old favourites in a number of new Numbers. Not the least amusing feature is Mr. Robert Hale's appearance as a wickedly burlesqued Gaby Deslys; with Mr. Jack Morrison as a revue

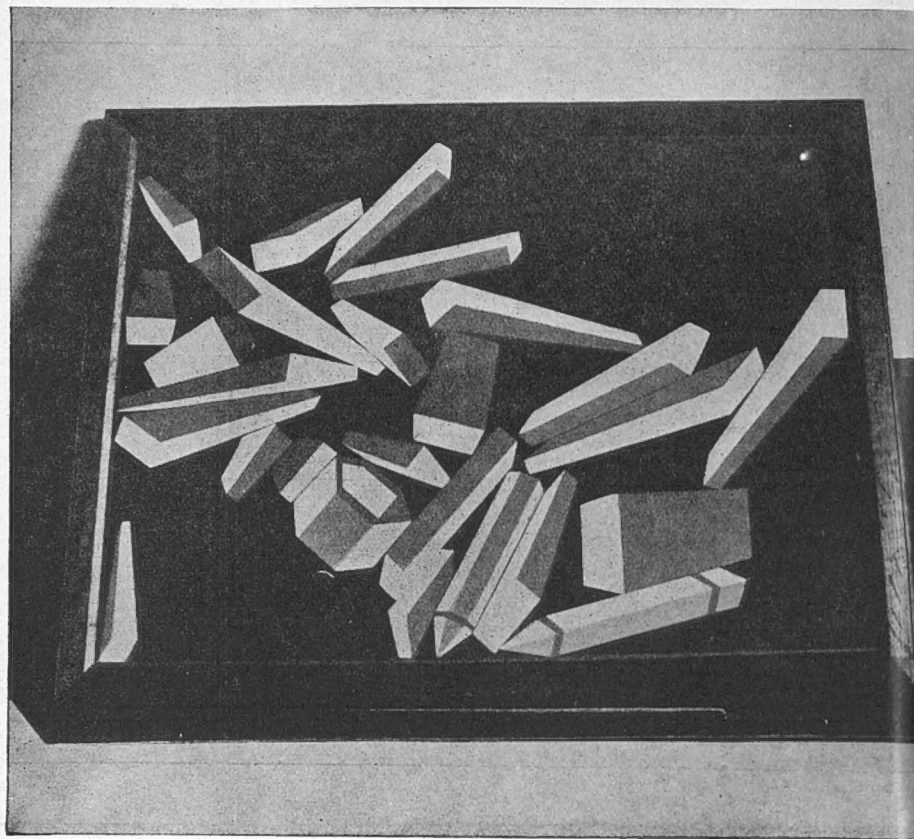
author who is obviously a broad caricature of Sir J. M. Barrie. Then, for example, we have such favourites as the ever-popular Miss Lee White; that nimble dancer, Miss Phyllis Monkman; and the acrobatic droll, Mr. Clyde Cook.

Photographs by Wrath and Buys.

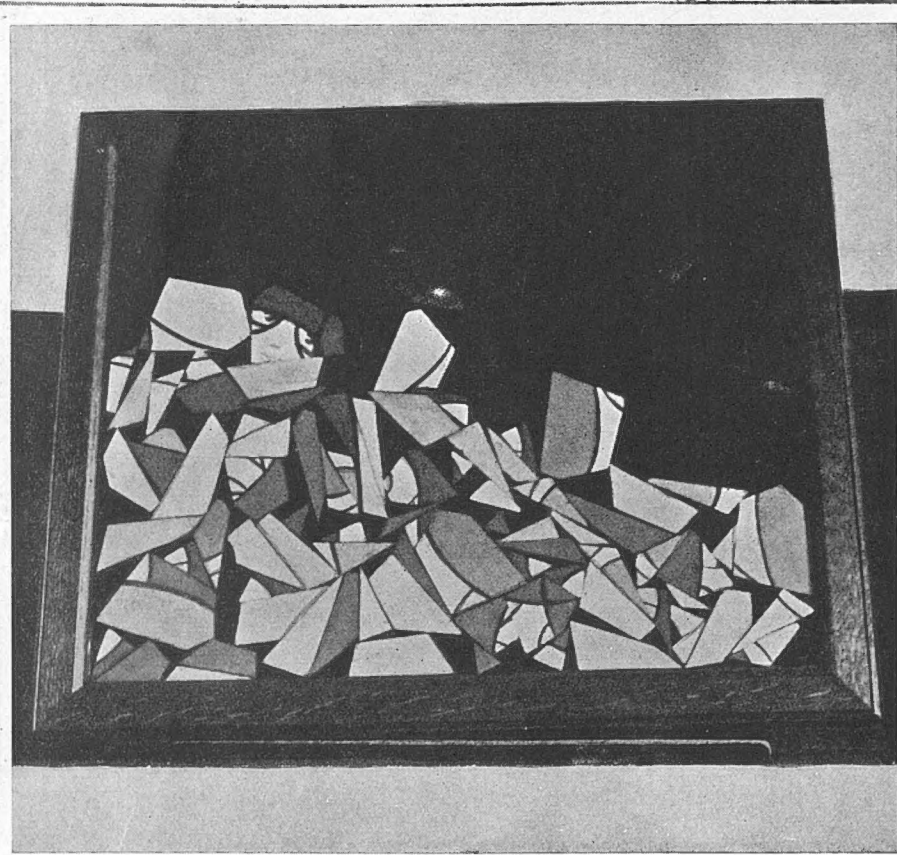
SHAKE-THE-BOX PICTURES : TRANSFORMATION "FUTURIST"



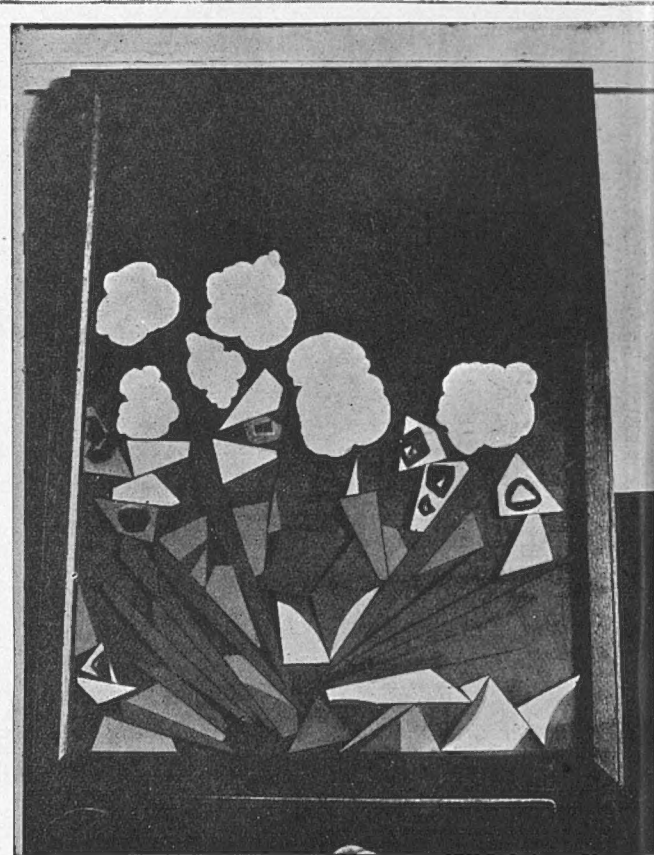
THE INVENTOR SHAKING A BOX.



"STUDY IN ANGLES."



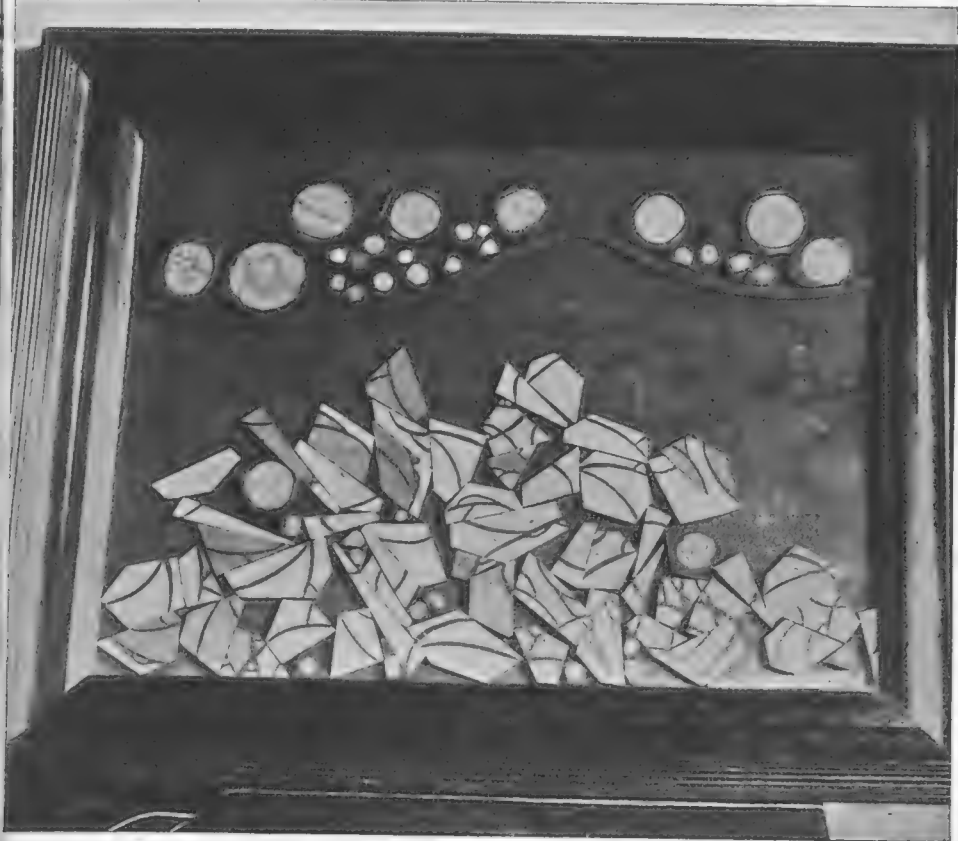
"THE GLAD EYE."



"WAR."

We illustrate an amusing little device by which anyone can make for themselves many "Futurist pictures" in as many seconds! All you have to do is to shake a box containing the various angular parts of the "works of art" and you get the finished "canvas"! Some results of such shaking are shown on this double-page;

PAINTINGS" ANYONE CAN CREATE IN A FEW SECONDS.



"CARNIVAL."



"SEARCHLIGHTS OVER A TOWN."



"PORTRAIT OF A JAPANESE LADY."



"THE EARTH—SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE."

and it must be confessed that, to the Philistine eye at all events, the resemblance to the real article is considerable. Each frame, with its set of pieces, is known as a Picture Designer. The invention is that of Mr. Frank Slade, and it can be seen at the Chenil Gallery, by the Town Hall, Chelsea.

taken for "The Sketch."



DR. LYTTELTON.

THE howl has drowned the "howler." Nobody could have said about Gibraltar the thing that Dr. Lyttelton said without being called over the coals, but in Dr. Lyttelton's case this calling over the coals is always a process of peculiar attractiveness. He is the rare bird—the unique specimen—that every unthinking sportsman aims at; he is the provokingly brilliant batsman whom the field watches taking all sorts of liberties with the bowling, and longs to catch out off a skier. Dr. Lyttelton made his skier in St. Margaret's, and the field has tumbled over itself in its anxiety to hold the ball.

Lyttelton v. Tumbled, in some instances, is exactly the right word; for although the leader-writers Lyttelton, have passed

their sentence with every appearance of dealing out indisputable justice, many of the correspondents in the columns of the *Times* have said just those things which go a long way to justify Dr. Lyttelton's warning to the nation. His "amazing utterance," we read, attempts to weaken England's resolution to destroy once and for ever the creed that might is right, and undermines her determination to draw the teeth of a power bent on conquest. There, to the moralist, is one of the difficulties. England's right (apart from questions of expediency) to draw teeth depends upon her own record and intentions as a world Power. Germany, Dr. Lyttelton believes, will have some excuse for hating us if we draw her teeth in order that we may continue to have the run of our own. And there you get to his second point: the moral responsibility of a hated people for hatred in others. The topic is too difficult for a nation bent on learning to form fours and to swallow with a good grace the uncomplimentary expressions of opinion of the drill-sergeant. It is, perhaps, too difficult at such a time for Dr. Lyttelton himself. For once he has joined in the general hue and cry after the rare bird: in the explanations that have followed his original address he seems almost to have turned his guns upon—Dr. Lyttelton.

The First of His Kind.

There is nothing he will not aim his gun at. No fear is in him. He, the Head, has questioned the advantages of education! Schools, unless they be schools of the heart, mean nothing to him; after being headmaster of Haileybury for fifteen years and Head of Eton for ten, he is still a reformer, a person as unfriendly towards the errors of the social order as the man who has given his life to destructive criticism. He is the first Head of his kind; a Don Quixote whose dreams have all come true. Eton is with him. The miracle of his personality has converted that most conservative of all creatures, the schoolboy, into a sort of human being. It is impossible to be

blasé in his company. The old-fashioned Head steeled his heart against boy and parent—parents because they were fussy, boys because they were boys. Dr. Lyttelton is different. He is more fussy than the parents, and more boyish than the boys. He carries his teaching from Eton to mothers' meetings, and back again. We have said he knows no fear. He has the courage not to blink the difficulties of human nature, and, in particular, the difficulties of human nature grown sleek and confident in the knowledge that it has social standing and sufficient wealth to send its sons to "the best schools." Without sons of his own, he is yet able to bring a dash of a parent's quality into his dealings with the school. And the "awkward relationship" of which Barrie writes is not in the way.

The Playing Fields—and After.

Dr. Lyttelton is one of eight brothers, all of whom were at Eton, and all of whom, without exception, won their cricket colours. He believes in "the sensuous joys of rackets," the "tumultuous glows of rackets." The ecstasies of the field are for him more valuable, in nine cases out of ten, than the attainments that banish them. The House of Commons dims the sight and softens the biceps: does it always give strength of character instead? The Head's muscles are still hard. And so, too, is his discipline when he sees that Eton's vital interests are at stake. A recent case brought home to us, with a jerk, the fact that his very kindly eye can grow cold as steel. But one thing assuredly he is not: the bully has no place in him.

The School—and England!

Though it could be sufficiently proved that Dr. Lyttelton is unlike any Head that ever was, and that he was as a boy unlike the conventional Eton boy, Eton is the world to him. Every principle he asserts, every task he sets himself, springs from his experience of that world. You can trace even his eccentricities to the same source. When he is peculiar, according to our lights, it is because Eton needs peculiarities. Without them it might very easily stick in the mud of its own tradition.

"Floreat Etona." It is easy to see what

Eton means to him; and now, at this time of questioning, it is good to see, also, what he means to Eton. The School has spoken. Mr. V. A. Cazalet, President of the Eton Society, Mr. F. T. K. Carol, Captain of the School, and Mr. L. G. A. Cust, Captain of the Oppidans, let us know what they think of him, and how sure they are of his patriotism. Before that patriotism can seriously be called in question you must show that he does not, heart and soul, cry "Floreat Etona." Listen to the tone of his voice, and doubt him if you can.



THE REV. AND HON. EDWARD LYTTELTON, HEADMASTER OF ETON.

The Rev. and Hon. Edward Lyttelton, M.A., D.D., Headmaster of Eton College, whose recent address and attitude with regard to the principles upon which peace should be concluded in due time have provoked so much controversy, was born in 1855, the seventh son of the fourth Lord Lyttelton and Mary, daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne. He married, in 1888, Caroline, daughter of the Very Rev. John West, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and has two daughters. Dr. Lyttelton is an old Etonian and an M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge. He came to Eton as a College Master in 1882, was Headmaster of Haileybury, 1890-1905, and in the last-named year became Headmaster of Eton. He is a member of the M.C.C., and finds recreation in golf, scenery, and music.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

THE PRIMROSE PATH TO MATRIMONY: TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



TO BE MARRIED TO THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE, YOUNGER SON OF LORD ROSEBERY, TO-DAY (APRIL 7):
LADY VICTORIA STANLEY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD DERBY.

The most interesting wedding of the present season has been arranged to take place to-day, April 7, when Lady Victoria Stanley, the only daughter of the Earl of Derby, becomes the wife of the Hon. Neil Primrose, younger son of the Earl of Rosebery. Mr. Primrose is only thirty-three, but has already made his mark in the world of politics, and, following the lead of his father, is almost as well known on the Turf as in the House. Mr. Primrose is Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Foreign

Office, and Member for the Wisbech Division of Cambridgeshire. Lady Victoria Stanley is a god-daughter, and namesake, of Queen Victoria, a lover of the open-air life, a judge of a horse, and interested in racing, at all events to the extent of sharing her father's gratification when his stable scores a win. The alliance of the great houses of Stanley and Primrose has caused very wide interest in the political, social, and sporting worlds. We give the latest portrait of the bride.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

MAJOR GORDON-LENNOX, with whom the King discussed coffee-urns, pork-pies, and allied subjects at the Liverpool Street Station buffet for soldiers, has not limited his usefulness to a single refreshment-room. In another, and expensive, quarter of the town, where a few ladies had established a soldiers' club and were doing splendid business—though, of course, without profit—the problem of obtaining an auxiliary house with sleeping room seemed particularly difficult of solution. One day an unknown gentleman walked in, looked round, and asked, "Anything I can do for you, ladies?" The pressing need was explained to him. "Nothing more simple," said he, and went out, taking the secretary with him.

The Major's Way. He entered the first estate-agent's office they came to and asked for a list of empty houses. "Will you lend us this one?" he asked in a voice of thunder, having picked the best. There was some difficulty, and he left. At a second office he hit upon a house he liked better still, and arranged on the spot that it should be scrubbed out that afternoon at the agent's expense, and lent to

each other "dear" without meaning it, or when meaning the opposite, is usual enough, at any rate on the stage. But the use of "darling" is a new one. Women who are sympathetic one to another may use it, in perfect good faith, even on a second meeting; and Lady Diana and her set, it is believed, must be very unfavourably impressed with a new acquaintance if the word is not let slip within an hour of an introduction.

A Very Awkward Relationship. "It's our awkward relationship, I suppose," explains the father in "The New Word" to his son when the two of them are finding it impossible to say good-bye with any show of affection.

The son is leaving for France, and many parents and sons in Sir James Barrie's audience will recognise their own case underlying the exaggeration of the acted scene. The "awkward relationship" is, of course, old game for the subtler observers of our human weaknesses, but never has it been quite so charmingly and amusingly treated since Lady Desborough published her code of behaviour for parents visiting their sons at Eton or Harrow. Lady Desborough's



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (APRIL 8): CAPTAIN W. GUTCH, AND MISS C. B. BREMNER.

Captain Wilfrid Gutch, of the Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry, on the Divisional Staff at the Front, is a Barrister of the Inner Temple, and son of the late Mr. J. J. Gutch and Mrs. Gutch, of Holgate Lodge, York. Miss Christine Bramwell Bremner is the daughter of Mr. Alexander M. Bremner, Inner Temple, of 1, St. Petersburg Place, London.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]

treated since Lady Desborough published her code of behaviour for parents visiting their sons at Eton or Harrow. Lady Desborough's



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (APRIL 8) TO CAPTAIN G. J. ROBIN: MISS D. M. HARGREAVES.

Miss Dorothy Millicent Hargreaves is the elder daughter of the late Mrs. Hargreaves and Mr. A. Hargreaves, of Jersey. Captain Guy Janvrin Robin, of the Royal Jersey Artillery (Militia), is the younger son of the late Mr. Charles J. Robin, of Jersey. Miss Mary Eleanor Thornhill is the eldest daughter of the Rev. A. F. Thornhill, of Rotherfield, Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Richard Eustre Vertue Yerburgh is the only son of



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (APRIL 8) TO MR. R. E. V. YERBURGH: MISS M. E. THORNHILL.



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (APRIL 8) TO MAJOR H. SPEKE: MISS K. L. KENNAWAY.

Mr. R. Eustre Yerburgh, C.B., of Rotherfield.—Miss E. L. Kennaway is the daughter of the Rev. C. L. Kennaway. Major H. Speke is in the 9th Service Battalion of Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infantry.—Miss Mildred Gabrielle Urwick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Urwick, of Harley Road, Regent's Park, London. Mr. A. F. Campbell Pollard is the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel B. H. Pollard.



TO BE MARRIED ON SATURDAY, APRIL 10, TO MR. A. F. C. POLLARD: MISS M. G. URWICK.

Photographs by Swaine, Val l'Estrange, and Lafayette.

the management of the soldiers' buffet for as long as they needed it. His next visit was to one of those overwhelming establishments whence no ordinary mortal escapes without buying a bed at least a size too large for him. But here was no notion of buying. The beds were given, and within a couple of days were being slept in by weary Tommies, whose benefactor was—Major Gordon-Lennox.

The Common Darling. Several of the amusing little mannerisms of her own circle crop up in Miss Tree's performance of "Dinner for Eight." Some of them are almost in the nature of private jokes between the stage and the initiated stall-holders, but others may be fairly regarded as matters of public interest. The way in which "darlings" are, for instance, flung over the telephone is typical of a spreading fashion. For women to call

only connection with the play is her ability to enjoy it, but if Sir James Barrie had not avowed its authorship she would certainly have been suspected.

"J. M. B.'s" Only Enemy. The somewhat hostile criticism of Sir James Barrie in the

Times takes one back to the days when his reputation was in the making; but nothing said about "Rosy Rapture" can compare with an article printed long ago in the *National Observer*. Barrie had been to a banquet and made a speech, and there appeared in Henley's reputable weekly an extraordinary account of the proceedings, with peculiarly uncalled-for references to "J. M. B." The editor was reproached for the lapse in the paper's good manners. "Yes, I know it was pretty bad," he admitted; "and if anybody else had written it I should certainly have rejected it." "Who did write it?" "Barrie."



ENGAGED: MISS W. A. STOTT AND LIEUTENANT H. G. ALEXANDER. Lieutenant Harold G. Alexander is in the 7th Battalion of the King's (Liverpool Regiment). Miss Winifred A. Stott is the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Stott, who commands the same Battalion of the Regiment.

Photographs by Sarony.

EVADING THE CENSOR.



THE BRITISH PRISONER OF WAR (*writing home*): I may say we are just as comfortable here as if we were at our own dear Dartmoor.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



AMONG his Majesty's many guests last Monday was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and later in the day Mr. Lloyd George told the deputation of shipbuilders that the King was very deeply concerned in the drink question. Mr. Lloyd George repeated the phrase: "Deeply concerned—very deeply concerned." So much he was allowed to say; the difficulty of going further on a point which is to be dealt with by the House is obvious. Neither the King nor the Chancellor of the Exchequer is an habitual protester under this head, and it follows that even a vague phrase, telling us nothing but what we must already have taken for granted, has for once some sort of weight.



ENGAGED TO MR. ALFRED N. YOUNG: MISS MARJORIE WHITE.

Miss White is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, of Leyland Road, Lee. Her engagement is announced to Mr. Alfred Nicholson Young, of Mohammerah, Persian Gulf.

Photograph by Bassano.

law-abiding citizen, has never made any secret of his poor opinion of Lord Brampton. His view was known to everyone who has talked shop with him, but Sir Edward is good enough journalist (he has been dramatic critic, among other things) to be able to make a bomb-shell that has gone off regularly in dinner-table conversation perform again for the benefit of the public.

A Great Opportunity. Lord Brampton himself knew how pertinaciously Sir Edward

Sir Edward Clarke, whose "wicked Judge" article must be apt to shake the faith alike of criminal and

pieces of evidence against Sir Francis. But when our contemporaries speak of this association as being "with another naturalised German" they miss the mark. The description of Sir Max as a naturalised German has to be reconciled with the fact that he is a naturalised British subject. In ordinary speech these two exactly contradictory terms may be allowed to mean the same thing, but in print it is as well to make a distinction.

Sir Max to the Rescue. Sir Max Waechter has, in the past, been allowed and

even asked to prove his interest in the country of his preference, and particularly in the place he has chosen for his residence. When the famous view from Richmond Hill was threatened by the builder, Sir Max presented Glover's Island and Petersham Lodge and



ENGAGED TO SECOND-LIEUTENANT H. W. MELLOR: MISS ELLA SHEARER BEATTIE.

Miss Beattie is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beattie, of Canmore, St. Andrews, Fife. Mr. Mellor is a Second-Lieutenant in the 15th (Service) Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment).

Photograph by Sarony.

grounds to the town of Richmond for all time. As if further to strengthen his alliance with England, he married three years ago, being at the time in his seventy-fifth year, Miss Hobart, a descendant of the patriot John Hampden.

William the Conqueror—otherwise. He could hardly have done better in the way

of counteracting the error of his German birth, for Lady Waechter is, perhaps, the most completely English of all Englishwomen—save in the matter of a husband.



TALKING TO SOME OF THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF HER HOSPITALS: THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA AT HARROGATE.

The Grand Duchess Marie, who is seen in the centre, is sister of the King of Greece. She was at Harrogate when war broke out, and, being unable to return to Russia at the time, started a hospital of twelve beds for wounded soldiers. Later, another house, with fifty beds, was taken. Her Imperial Highness supervises the good work done.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Clarke stuck to the view that the case had been judged unfairly, and he was at some pains, though as casually as might be, to contradict Sir Edward's assertions. But that he "made it up" with Alice Rhodes, who had been granted a free pardon after he had sentenced her to death, was pure accident. When walking near Hitchin, Sir Henry went into a roadside "pub." for (as he told it) a stone ginger-beer. "Here it is, my Lord," said the barmaid. "You know me?" said Sir Henry. "I should do; you sentenced me to death," she answered. Had she really been a poisoner, Sir Henry used to say with a smile, she would have seized that strange chance of getting even with him, and emptied a phial into his innocent refresher.

What is He? It is pointed out that Sir Francis Trippel, who has dared to make himself useful to the land of his adoption, was once in partnership with Sir Max Waechter. The fact is quoted as one of several alleged

The Grimstons, her maternal ancestors, were Cavaliers, the Hobarts were Parliamentarians; but that is comparatively modern history. An ancestor acted as standard-bearer in the Battle of Hastings, and was soon after granted land near Hull. Lady Waechter's mother, Mrs. Hobart, and her aunt, Mrs. Byrom, are the Ladies of the Manor of Garton-with-Grimston, once the property of the said standard-bearer. This is one of the very few instances of a family living in the same place since the Conquest. Sir Max may well feel that the association should be allowed to mature still longer, instead of being disturbed by a second William the Conqueror.

Sir Ian's Quandary. Much sympathy has gone out to Sir Ian Hamilton on account

of his confinement to the Home Command. How now will he meet commiseration? If he says, "I have just been abroad," he may be giving away an official secret. If he goes on accepting sympathy, he will probably feel something of a fraud.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER OF THE "ARK ROYAL": VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON.

Lady Torrington, whose husband is serving on the "Ark Royal" at the Dardanelles, was Miss Eleanor Souray, well known as an actress. Lord Torrington was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria, and to King Edward VII. The marriage took place in 1910. Lord Torrington, who was born in December 1886, was educated at Eton, and at the Royal Military College.

Photograph by Swaine.



INJURED IN A MOTOR-CYCLING ACCIDENT: SECOND-LIEUTENANT THE HON. F. S. TRENCH.

While motor-cycling near Clonmell, the other day, Mr. Trench, who is the eldest of Lord Ashtown's four sons, collided with a motor-car and received very severe injuries. He was about to return to the front, from which he had come back on short leave. He was born in December 1894. He entered the Army as a Second-Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifles.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Great - War Games for Stay - at - Homes.



V. MESSAGE-SENDING BY FIELD TELEGRAPH.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A Novel in a Nutshell

SISTER LOUISE.

By FRED M. WHITE.

ALL that bitter, black November the fight had been keen and merciless along the right bank of the Moselle, and now the tide had rolled on, leaving the village of St. Lié a veritable shambles. Then, as one wave rises higher than the rest, the red flood had come back for the moment, for the Uhlans were pressing hard upon a mob of *franc-tireurs*, and for the moment the strife had degenerated into downright murder. There was no quarter asked or given—every one of these irregulars taken with arms in his hands was promptly shot.

Here was work enough and to spare for the Red Cross, and hither came Major Eustace, late of her Majesty's Service, together with his colleague Captain Gray and all the paraphernalia for the formation of a flying field-hospital.

All France lay in the grip of winter. The torn roads were as iron now, the fields steel-grey under a powder of snow. The wounded as they lay in the open died of the cold—they were found there with their blood frozen on their mangled limbs. There was nothing to deaden the revolting horror of it all, no redeeming feature except the Red Cross flag flying over a little chapel by the roadside.

"My word! this is worse than the trenches before Sebastopol," Eustace muttered. "You remember?"

Gray nodded curtly. He beat his frozen hands together in a vain attempt to infuse a little warmth into them. He and Eustace had volunteered for Red Cross work, as scores of other English half-pay officers had done.

"It's murder," Gray growled. "Oh, I'm not defending the *franc-tireur*. He has brought a good deal of trouble on himself; but that's no reason why he should be treated like a brigand. A company of Bavarians, with a squad of Uhlans, caught a hundred of them down in the river-bed yesterday, and shot them down like sheep. It seems a burning shame to waste some of the best blood in France like this."

"Well, it makes work for us," Eustace said grimly. "Are the nurses all right?"

"Oh, I've looked after them," Gray explained. "They are in the chapel yonder. Adamson is there too. They've got about a score of wounded under their charge altogether—*franc-tireurs* to a man!"

"And Demarney?" Gray asked. "Did they down him?"

"By Jove, I hope not!" Eustace exclaimed. "Demarney's far too good a fellow to be wasted like that. What a daredevil he is, to be sure! And a better game-shot I never saw."

"Well, he hasn't considered himself much. And it's a soundly risky business, after all. But that was always Demarney's idea of enjoying himself. He had resigned a cavalry commission to throw in his lot with these devil-may-care free-lances. The mere fact that he would be shot for a spy if he fell into the hands of the Germans was a special attraction. And, by Jove, he has been a thorn in their side, too!"

The other nodded approvingly. They had met young Demarney in more than one English country house; they had a warm regard for the handsome, reckless young Frenchman. They had come in contact with him many times during the last six weeks; he had shared a camp-fire with them on occasion—and more than once when the Uhlans were actually searching for him in the neighbourhood. But it looked now as if Demarney had been caught at last, seeing that he had been the actual leader of the irregulars who had been wiped out in the horrible *battue* down amongst the orchards by the bend of the River Moselle. With his usual luck Demarney might have got away, for assuredly he could not be far off, to say nothing of the fact that the neighbourhood was patrolled with German cavalry, and Demarney was well known. He had no horse, there was not an ounce of provisions in the province which was not in the hands of the foe, and to sleep out in the open in that bitter weather was to invite a death swift if not merciful.

It was so bitterly, intensely cold that the birds were lying dead in the woods, and the foxes had come down from the Ardennes, ravenous and dangerous, in search of food. For miles round no buildings stood intact, with the solitary exception of the little chapel over which the Red Cross drooped. As the sky overhead turned from blue to steel-grey, and the sun dropped in the west like a copper shield, the twinkling camp-fires of the German cavalry flamed out here and there. Eustace and Gray pushed their way on in the direction of the chapel, for something in the nature of light and warmth and comfort lay there.

It was a strange sight—one of those amazing pictures that only war can inspire. The grateful warmth came from the stove which glowed in the centre of the building, and round about it a score of

wounded men lay on piles of clean straw. A doctor was ministering to the wants of these; a couple of nurses flitted noiselessly from one patient to another. Up beyond the altar-rails half-a-dozen horses had been stalled, and the clatter of their hoofs sounded strangely grotesque and out of place amidst the carving and gorgeous colouring of the walls. Every scrap of woodwork had long since been torn away and used for fuel. The chapel was illuminated dimly enough with a few smoky oil-lamps, the flame of which flickered unsteadily upon the carved stone pillars and the great picture over the altar. Still, it was warm there, and Eustace and his companion were thankful for that much.

The doctor, Adamson, came forward and seated himself wearily by the side of Gray and Eustace.

"Anything fresh?" the latter asked. "Have you heard news of Demarney, by any chance?"

Adamson jerked his thumb in the direction of the wounded lying inertly about the stove.

"He's not amongst that lot, at any rate," he said. "Von Kneller came in here just now. Said he had instructions to see if Demarney happened to be under my charge. He came swaggering in here as if the whole place belonged to him. What insolent beasts those Uhlan officers are! I should like to have kicked that chap. I had to be civil, of course."

"Must do that," Gray muttered. "Well, I'm glad they haven't got hold of Demarney yet. All I hope is he won't come here."

"It would be just like him if he did," Eustace said.

From out of the heap of rags and litter and tawdry pictures torn from the walls a white face appeared. The features were lank and drawn, the beard and the moustache were ragged, but the brown eyes were full of vivacity and a smile was on the lips.

"Well, my friends," Demarney whispered, "and how goes it, as they say in your country? I have been here since daybreak, and, *ma foi*, am I not hungry! I did not dare to speak, for fear of disturbing those ravishing angels of mercy yonder, for, had they known I had been here, their faces would have betrayed them. A crust of bread, my dear Eustace, and a morsel of cheese, if such a thing still remains in this poor France of mine. I can die with the best of them, but this hunger takes all the manhood out of me."

Under the rags and fragments of straw, Demarney crept nearer. It was good to know that this free-lance was still in the land of the living, but at the same time his presence was a terrible embarrassment to Eustace and Gray. Within a few hundred yards of where they were seated the German pickets were everywhere. It was a clear breach of faith on the understanding by which the Red Cross contingent was there at all. They were harbouring a spy on whose head a price had been placed. In his quick way Demarney read the trouble which was passing through the mind of Eustace and his colleagues.

"I have done wrong, is it?" he asked. "Forgive me, my friends. But the comedy was a thing that I could never resist. And you must admit that there has been little chance lately of anything in the way of *vaudeville*."

"It isn't exactly a comic opera," Gray said grimly.

"Ah, but you will not say that presently," Demarney went on. "The time has come when my presence is needed elsewhere. I have to go to join my colleagues on the other side of Rheims. To get there is no easy matter. I have no horse, and every spot is watched, so anxious are the Germans for the society of Gerald Demarney. And yet they might save themselves all this trouble. By this time to-morrow I shall be far enough away."

He spoke with an easy assurance that brought a smile to the lips of his listeners.

"You will give my compliments to Von Kneller," he said. "It is a great regret to me that I have had no opportunity of exchanging civilities with him. And now I have pressing business outside. Your bread and potted meat will make a new man of me."

He wriggled under the straw and littered refuse on the floor, there was a quick shadow across the doorway, and he was gone.

"Oh, he's mad," Adamson said. "He'll find himself in Von Kneller's power within half an hour. It seems a pity that he should be so restless. And look here, Eustace—"

But neither Eustace nor Gray was listening—the warmth of the chapel was grateful and the needful sleep imperative. They lay down on the straw in their great-coats and slept the dreamless sleep of the hardened campaigner all the world over. With something like a sigh of envy, Adamson turned to his patients. There was no sleep for him except the slumber he could snatch with one eye open. For an hour or more he moved from one sufferer to another, attended

[Continued overleaf.]

PARDS !



THOROUGHLY PJEMIZZLED THIS TIME!

DRAWN BY S. ABREY.

by the nurses. A breath of keen, icy air swept through the chapel as the door was opened and a woman came in. She was clad from head to foot in the shapeless black garment and white-lined hood usually affected by the Sisterhood everywhere. What was she doing here? Adamson wondered. So far as he knew, there was no convent in the neighbourhood.

The woman advanced with her pale face downcast. Adamson could see that the dark hair was plastered on either side of the white face, giving the newcomer a suggestion of maturity that was somewhat belied by the erectness of her figure. It seemed strange that she should be abroad on a night like this.

Adamson came politely forward.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

The woman stood there with head bent, her hands crossed in her sleeves, a picture of patience and humility.

"I am in great trouble, Monsieur," she said, in passable English. "I am Sister Louise, and I belong to the Order of the Sacred Heart at Mireville. They told me that my brother was dead. He was one of the *franc-tireurs*. He was killed in that dreadful fight a day or two ago in the orchards. I came down to look for him and give him decent burial with my family in the cemetery at Mireville. I have found his body, Monsieur——"

The Sister paused, as if unable to proceed. Adamson listened with respectful sympathy.

"I found him," Sister Louise went on presently. "Some of the peasants helped me, and those kind people have lent me a cart to take the body of my dear brother to his last home. But, alas! there is no chapel left at Mireville, and no priest there to administer the last offices of the dead. My kind friends are waiting outside at this moment with the—the body. I thought, if I might bring the remains of my dear one here and offer up one prayer for his eternal repose, it would be all I could do. Do you think it would be the same thing if I read the service myself?"

Adamson stammered his embarrassed sympathy. He kicked Eustace and Gray into wakefulness, and laid the problem before them.

"Why not, poor soul?" Eustace yawned sleepily. "She will be all the happier for doing this thing, and it will make no difference to us. What an extraordinary setting to such a pathetic scene!"

Sister Louise appeared to be listening, for she turned a wan, grateful face in Eustace's direction. She vanished into the bitter night for a moment, to return presently, followed by four peasants who staggered into the chapel carrying a rude bier on which seemed to be a body enclosed in the hastily constructed coffin. A white sheet lay over the silent form, which was deposited silently and reverently on the steps leading to the chancel.

"This is so good of you, Messieurs," Sister Louise said tearfully. "It desolates me to disturb you like this, especially when you are attending to the wants of my dear fellow-countrymen. But it is only for a little time that I wish to be alone with all that remains of my brother."

The Englishmen bowed silently. Respectfully they turned their backs upon the slender figure in the black garments. A quarter of an hour passed in absolute silence, save for an occasional murmur from one of the wounded; then the door of the chapel was flung violently open, and Von Kneller, accompanied by a handful of Bavarian infantry, strode angrily up the aisle.

"What's the meaning of all this?" he demanded. "There are a dozen or more peasants outside, gathered together strictly against orders. If I did my duty I should have them all put with their backs to the wall and shot. They make some paltry excuse to the effect that they are attending a funeral."

"So they are," Eustace snapped. "And I'll trouble you, Herr Lieutenant, to speak a little more quietly. You are disturbing the wounded. We are under the Red Cross here, which means the protection of Europe. And, by Heaven, if you don't speak to me properly, I'll take you by the scruff of the neck and throw you into the road! You understand that?"

The Lieutenant's beard fairly bristled with anger. But he was in the wrong, and he knew it. He stammered some sort of apology in an ungracious undertone.

"My orders are strict, Major," he said. "And the peasantry here know it. They told me some fairy-story about one of the Sisters from Mireville who had come down here to find the body of her brother. According to what I hear, they raked out a coffin from somewhere with the idea of conveying the body to Mireville. They say the woman came here to hold a sort of funeral service. But I'm not going to believe that."

"It doesn't matter whether you believe it or not," Gray said curtly. "The poor creature made the request, and, having some sort of feeling left, we granted it. Haven't you got a pair of eyes in your head, man? Can't you see things for yourself?"

Once more Von Kneller looked red and uncomfortable. It was quite clear that the pathetic side was absolutely lost upon him. Orders to him were sacred things. The men behind him stood there sullen and rebellious. As the silence grew uncomfortable, Sister Louise came slowly down the chapel with hands meekly folded.

"It is a comfort to me, Monsieur, that I have been able to do this thing. Will you kindly call my faithful friends outside and tell them that I am ready to proceed?"

"Where do you come from?" Von Kneller asked harshly.

Just for an instant the Sister's eyes flashed, then she looked down demurely again. The three Englishmen there tingled to their finger-tips. Gray stepped forward.

"We have already explained to you," he said between his teeth. "Confound it all, Lieutenant, does your Red Book expressly forbid you to remember you are a gentleman in time of war? Here, Adamson, go and fetch those peasants in. And, if necessary, Eustace and myself will see the cortège outside the German lines."

Von Kneller chewed his moustache impatiently. He was a creature of a system, and he had no desire to go too far. To bring himself in active contact with the Red Cross was no action to be lightly embarked upon. He stepped forward and laid a detaining hand on the Sister's shoulder.

"I've a few questions to ask you," he said sternly.

The Sister looked appealingly in the direction of the Englishmen. The peasants were bringing the body down the chapel now; they were not far from the door. In a sudden fit of passion, Eustace grasped Von Kneller by the shoulders and threw him violently on one side. His spurs caught in some of the litter on the floor, and he sprawled at length on the straw. One of the Bavarians behind him drew a revolver and commenced to shoot promiscuously in all directions. It was only for a moment, then Gray was upon him and the revolver was snatched from the soldier's grasp. Apparently no harm had been done, though a rent appeared to have been torn in the white sheet lying over the coffin. Eustace could see where the bullet had entered. Just for the moment he struggled hopelessly with the anger that possessed him, and just for a moment, had Von Kneller but known it, he lay there in peril of his life. Gray clutched Eustace's arm.

"Steady, old man, steady!" he whispered. "Don't go too far. We've got all the cards in our hands if you can only play them properly. If we report this business Von Kneller's career is finished, and he knows it. And I say, Adamson, some of your patients need attention. This sort of thing isn't good——"

But Adamson was not listening. With his eyes fairly starting from his head, he was gazing at the still figure under the white sheet. Near the feet, where the recklessly fired bullet had entered, a tiny red spot no larger than a sixpence had appeared. It seemed to be extending steadily. Adamson bent down swiftly, and apparently carelessly threw a handful of disused dressing over the red spot.

"Get outside," he whispered hoarsely to the bewildered peasants, "get outside at once."

The little procession started again steadily, and Adamson gave a great sigh of relief. Von Kneller had struggled sulkily to his feet, and stood there breathing defiantly.

"What are you going to do about it?" Eustace asked crisply.

"I have been insulted," Von Kneller declared. "My authority has been set at defiance——"

"Now let's have none of that," Eustace went on. "If you'll order your blackguards off and make us a proper apology in writing, you won't hear any more of this. We've got Europe behind us, my friend, and don't you forget it. Now you just come back here to-morrow with that apology nicely written, and we'll call the incident closed. And don't you molest that funeral party."

Von Kneller turned abruptly on his heel and strode out of the chapel without another word. Adamson's time was fully occupied for the next few minutes in looking after his wounded and allaying the fears of the nurses. Then he slipped on his overcoat and turned eagerly to the other two men.

"Come on," he said; "we've got no time to lose. I thought you said you were going to see that funeral procession through the German lines. If you do, I think I can show you something that will astonish you. The best thing we can do is to follow at a respectful distance. Our chance will come when the coast is clear."

But apparently no attempt had been made to interfere with the procession, as it was quite alone when Adamson strode forward and addressed himself to Sister Louise.

"Is he badly hurt?" he asked eagerly.

"No, he isn't," a gay voice came from the coffin under the sheet. "Merely a scratch on the calf of the leg."

"What's all this mean?" Eustace demanded.

Sister Louise turned a smiling face in his direction. The plastered bands of hair had disappeared, and a charming set of piquant features looked out from under the ugly bonnet.

"I am Louise Demarney," the girl explained. "I came here to help my brother. Oh, I hope you don't think it was wicked of me to pretend so much. But it was Gerald's scheme, and there was no other way to save him from this terrible danger. I had to wait so long in the church because things were not altogether in readiness. We take my brother as far as Antou, where horses and powerful friends of his await him. You are good comrades of his—I wish you'd try and persuade him not to be so constantly running his head into danger."

Demarney sat up on the cart. There was a gay smile on his lips.

"Oh, it is as the breath of life to me," he cried. "And if you will ask Louise to confess the truth, she enjoyed the adventure as much as myself. Now confess, little one."

"Not when I saw the bullet-hole in the sheet." The girl shuddered. "Messieurs, how can I thank you——"

"By not thanking us at all," Eustace said.

THE END.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Land and the Woman.

If the English countryside has to be tilled and the next harvest reaped by women-folk, it is possible these tasks will have to be undertaken by hefty middle-class girls, and not by the daughters of agricultural labourers, who are too underfed and anæmic to be available for farm-work. No one who has read it can ever forget Thomas Hardy's description of Tess of the d'Urbervilles toiling in the fields, her physical weariness and mental despair. We have not bred a race of girls, among our proletariat, who have the health and strength to act as farm-labourers. The men themselves shirk it, and go off to the towns to become shop-hands or artisans.

When Mr. Stephen Graham points out that the wives and daughters of Russian *moujiks* are quite capable of working in the fields, he has also to admit that, not only have they done so for generations, but that they belong to a somewhat different race of beings from our country girls. In many parts of Europe the women do agricultural labour; even in Corfu I have seen the fields being tilled by women, while the men apparently lounged in the towns in picturesque costumes. In Asia Minor, women are allowed not only to plough with oxen, but to make roads and railways. In the Balkans, they easily undertook the food problem while the men fought for, and afterwards with, the neighbouring Powers. Such strong, out-of-door girls as the Scotch herring-curers might turn their hands to farm-work and not feel the strain unduly, but we must have a race of properly fed and gymnastically trained women before we can expect them to tackle such a problem as agriculture successfully. The middle classes might stand the strain, but not the very poor.

Easter Without Holidays.

Never, I suppose—or at least, not since the People, as well as the Classes, took to holiday-making—has Easter been spent at home by so many Britons. It will be all to the good that the upper and upper-middle classes should forego, for once, some of their enjoyments and luxuries. Continual rushing out of town had become an obsession with many people, leading gradually to the idea that a London house or flat was merely a place in which you packed and unpacked suit-cases, and looked out fresh trains. For the toiling masses—the working men and women who are driving things at frightful pressure in the shipyards, the ammunition factories, and the khaki-mills—one would wish a three-days' holiday, were it possible. An ideal solution of the problem would be for all the well-fed people of leisure to take their turn in the factories and dock-yards while the toilers lay on their backs on a cliff in the sunshine. It would be excellent for both classes, affording the first a salutary insight into the realities of the under-world, and letting the workers see that the comfortable middle classes—who are by no means so comfortable as they were—are willing to make sacrifices

and work for their country. The wages earned would, of course, be turned over to the resting toiler—man or woman, boy or girl.

The Faddists and Their Fads.

Every day one gets a fresh appeal to rise up and circumvent some new Teutonic bogey. Instead of attending to the matter in hand—which is to kill as many fighting Teutons on the Continent of Europe as possible, and to succour and equip our own soldiers, sailors, and airmen to the utmost of our energy and resources—we are gravely asked to join a society for the prohibition, after the war, of German collar-supports or hair-nets, or else we are to arise and show a quite abject and unnecessary fear and terror by denouncing Austrian waiters or elderly German barbers. A nobler and more high-spirited course to take would be to form technical schools in which English boys could be trained to be highly efficient barbers, bakers, or waiters, so that, when the war is over, we should require no Germans to fill these well-paid occupations. Hair-dressing, too, is essentially suitable for young women, and steps might be taken to train English girls in the use of the scissors and the tongs.

An Eton Master.

There is something specially moving about the deaths in battle of our young citizen soldiers, for they have not had the long training nor enjoyed the social prestige of the military caste before the war. Specially does one's heart go out to all the splendid young men of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as of the Scottish and provincial universities, who threw up every worldly ambition and trained at once for the great fight. Athletes, all of them, as well as "intellectuals," so that the most honoured and admired names among undergraduates are to be found nowadays no nearer home than the trenches in Flanders. The other day, a young Eton master, Second-Lieutenant George Walter Fletcher, fell at Neuve Chapelle. The memorial service in Eton Chapel, attended by all the masters and boys, must have been a touching sight. A Balliol man, he was the first master to die in war, and now his prowess on the river will be cherished like a legend, as well as his strength of will, his high ideals, and his "indomitable vivacity" of spirit. Second-Lieutenant George Fletcher was the kind of British officer, we are told by the *Eton Chronicle*, who "made the round of the trenches with a cat snug on his shoulder," and yet was capable of one of the most daring and gallant exploits in the whole war. "One night," writes a British officer, "he spent entirely in crawling between the flare-lights to climb a tree in the German lines where they had hung a captured French flag. Now it waves in our trench. Nothing delighted and inspired the Tommies more. . . . In his trench he was wounded in the head and never recovered consciousness. . . ." This simply expressed record of strength, humour, kindness, and high courage is symbolic of the spirit of these young 'Varsity men who are every day adding imperishable leaves to England's laurel-crown.



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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Unique Easter. Certain features of this Easter-time are quite different from any we have known before. One is that quite an unusual number of well-known people stayed in town. The truth is that those who are anxious—and few of us are not—cannot bear to be far away from the first chance of news. Many plans, therefore, are just for a day out of town, motoring for the most part. "Zoo" parties are quite popular, and, be it said, Londoners are being driven to take more interest than they have done in their own wonderful city, and many expeditions are arranged for the holidays to places of historic tradition. As to dress, a great many of the new short full skirts and loose short coats have undoubtedly seen the Easter light, for the old idea—not quite given up—is new fashions at Easter. Some filter it down to something new at Easter, and some take no notice at all. Modistes fear that the new fashions will be exploited in extremes, which will interfere with their success. This would be a pity, as they are in many ways more desirable than the very slim styles.

Some Joys of Old England. There are some typically English things which bring our much-loved home before our eyes even if our people are in the desert, on the mountain-top, in the trenches, or watching and waiting in the big ships. One of them is the scent of English violets, which reproduce

in brain-waves the charm of English lanes in springtime; another is English lavender, which conjures up the autumn and late summer joys of our land. These scents have been cleverly captured by two English ladies, the Misses Allen - Brown, who have a violet nursery at Henfield in Sussex, and also carnation and lavender. Their English violet scent, and all the preparations of the series, are well known for their delicious odour, daintiness, purity, and efficiency. There is English violet talcum powder, sunburn powder, toilet powder, soap - leaves (each of which, torn from a book, ensures enough pure soap for washing). There is toilet water, bath salt, soap tablets, and Foam, brilliantine, shaving cream, and *Papier Violette* for purse or hand-bag. These preparations are the outcome of the tremendous



A POET AS HOSPITAL ORDERLY: MR. JOHN MASEFIELD.

Few who have read "The Daffodil Fields," and "The Widow in the Bye-Street," would grudge the title of a great poet to Mr. John Masefield, and it is of much interest to know that he has given himself to war-service, and is acting as an orderly in a hospital in France. Mr. Masefield's powerful poems show an intense sympathy with suffering humanity which should find a wide field for action in such an institution.

Photograph by Trevor.

success of the perfume, and they are each of equal excellence with it. The same can be said of lavender. In addition, there are many dainty contrivances scented with English violet that will be better appreciated as illustrated in the new season's catalogue, which will be sent on application at the nurseries.

Veils, or Wails. We know the facetious description of the long crape streamer from a widow's bonnet as a flag of distress. It is, happily, a thing little seen among us nowadays. Men are, indeed, said to be directly responsible for the symbols of woe in widows' garments being greatly mitigated, as they intensely dislike them. Now, however, long veils—not, indeed, of crape—hanging down from smart headgear, are the fashion. They are of filmy lace, of tulle, of net, or of chiffon; frequently they are the colour of the hat. I saw one on a blue hat worn by Lady Diana Manners the other day; it was charming. Again, I saw one worn by a tall and rather alarming-looking middle-aged lady; the effect was softening—therefore good. If, however, the hats are black—and most of them appear to be—and the veils are black, there will be a sense of depression about the fashion. That, however, is in harmony with the public feeling of losses in a sanguinary war. What is more likely to kill the new fashion is cheap imitation, and that will assuredly be indulged in. The inconvenience of veils hanging down at the back to women who go about in 'buses and tubes and in all weathers will not deter them from following the

fashion if it is inaugurated by the smart ladies who are conveyed in electric broughams and smart motor-cars.

A Timely Mode. That women are wearing cloth-topped boots with their short full skirts is a great relief to boot-makers, for leather is very scarce. Happily, the mode, as well as being timely, is also smart. The favourite colours are grey, tan, dark-blue, and black, but many women have their cloth tops to match their skirts, while shepherd's plaid and white uppers are also in favour. The boot-makers are now much more busily employed making boots than shoes.

Always Burnished and Bright. There are few things

which give the idea of neglect and dullness so much as silver not kept bright as it should be. A new polish called Silvo, manufactured by Reckitt and Sons, Ltd., will ensure silver being bright and beautiful with the smallest amount of labour. It is in liquid form, and is purchased in threepenny and sixpenny sprinkler tins, which can be used with strict economy. It is also clean to use, as there is no enveloping dust as from powder. Silvo has secured most convincing encomiums from goldsmiths and silver-smiths and from householders. The polish lasts much longer than does that conferred by ordinary plate-polsters.

Major A. Maclure's invaluable leaflet of "Instructions for Rendering Immediate Aid" to the wounded, or to victims of accidents and so on (a diagram from which was reproduced in our issue of March 24), is presented free by him to Territorial regiments for the use of the men. He has already sent the leaflet to over 170 regiments, in lots of 500 and 1000, and it has been the means of saving many lives. Major Maclure has obtained the active approval of Sir Frederick Treves.

One of the indispensable reference-books for all who are concerned, personally or professionally, with the diplomatic world or the Foreign Office is that comprehensive volume "The Foreign Office List, and Diplomatic and Consular Year-Book, for 1915," edited by Mr. Godfrey E. P. Hertslet, British Consul at Malaga, and Mr. Harry L. Sherwood, of the Foreign Office, and published by Harrisons, 45, Pall Mall. It is a veritable encyclopædia of authoritative information; and a particularly useful section is the "Statement of Services," in which will be found the ranks, dates of appointments, and other details concerning persons now serving, or who have served, under the Foreign Office at home or abroad.



A DOCTOR-DRAMATIST AND NOVELIST AT THE FRONT: MR. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

Relinquishing for a while the pen for the scalpel, the well-known novelist and dramatist, Mr. W. S. Maugham, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., is doing valuable work as a doctor at the front. Mr. Maugham obtained his medical training at St. Thomas's Hospital. Mr. Maugham is the author of "Liza of Lambeth" (his first book), "The Bishop's Apron," that delightful comedy "Lady Frederick," and other popular works.—[Photograph by Collier.]



A POPULAR DRAMATIST AT THE FRONT: MR. HUBERT HENRY DAVIES.

It is, perhaps, at first a little difficult to picture the writer of the charming comedies, "Cousin Kate," "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace," and other pleasant plays, doing serious work at the war; none the less, Mr. Hubert Henry Davies is at the front, giving valuable aid in hospital work, and helping his country in a much-needed form of service.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]



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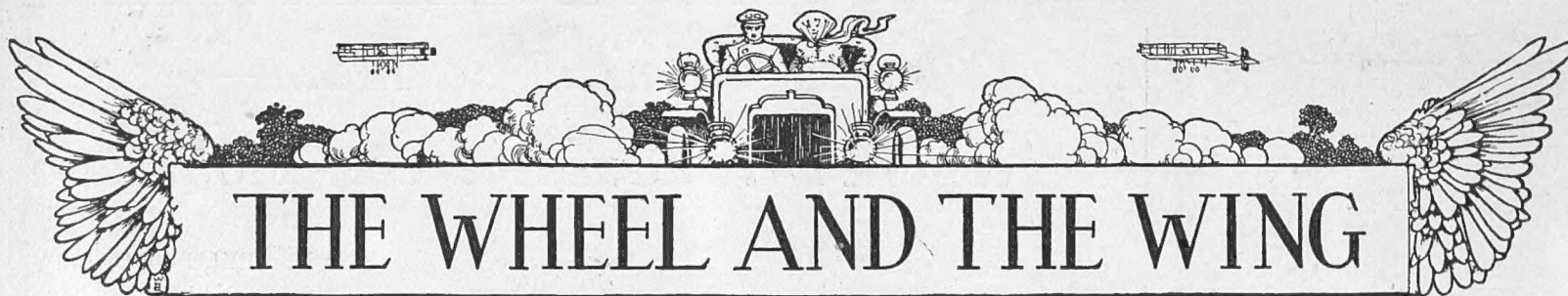
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE PRICE OF PATRIOTISM : THE "POWERFUL LIGHTS" QUESTION : INFLATION DANGER - SIGNALS.

Car-Builders and Patriotism.

As is now widely known, many manufacturers have their works going night and day to cope with Government demands, either for vehicles of various kinds or for ammunition. I have just heard, however, of one firm which has had to close down altogether on account of the war, and yet not for commercial reasons. In a way, the circumstances are quite pathetic, but reflect honour upon all concerned. The prime movers of the business were a father and two bright sons, and they manufactured a small car which had gained a satisfactory reputation. When the war broke out, however, one of the sons applied for and obtained a commission, and proved so capable that he received a Staff appointment. Several months later he came home on leave, and a dinner-party was given in his honour. All those present, save his father and brother, were in khaki; the effect of this was seen next day, when the civilian son announced that he found himself unable to hold out any longer, and had decided to enlist. As a result, the father realised that he was unable to continue the business by his own efforts, and was forced, as I have said, to retire from the field. The car will therefore no longer be made, as the works and plant were acquired by another firm already marketing a different model.

"Powerful" Lights Again.

It is devoutly to be hoped that a statement which has been issued by the Automobile Association foreshadows a practical solution of the "powerful" lamps question, so far as concerns an official definition of the degree of candle-power which shall be permissible or otherwise. The Association, it appears, has been in communication for some time past with the Home Office and the Commissioner of the Police of the Metropolis on the subject of the establishment of a "standard lighting power, for the guidance of motorists, as to the maximum intensity of light allowable under the Defence of the Realm regulation prohibiting the use of powerful lights on motor vehicles." The Home Secretary has accepted the offer of assistance made by the Association in this connection, and, after careful consideration of the results of certain tests, the A.A. has now forwarded its report to the Home Office. The word, as the French would say, is now with Mr. McKenna.

Regrettable Tardiness.

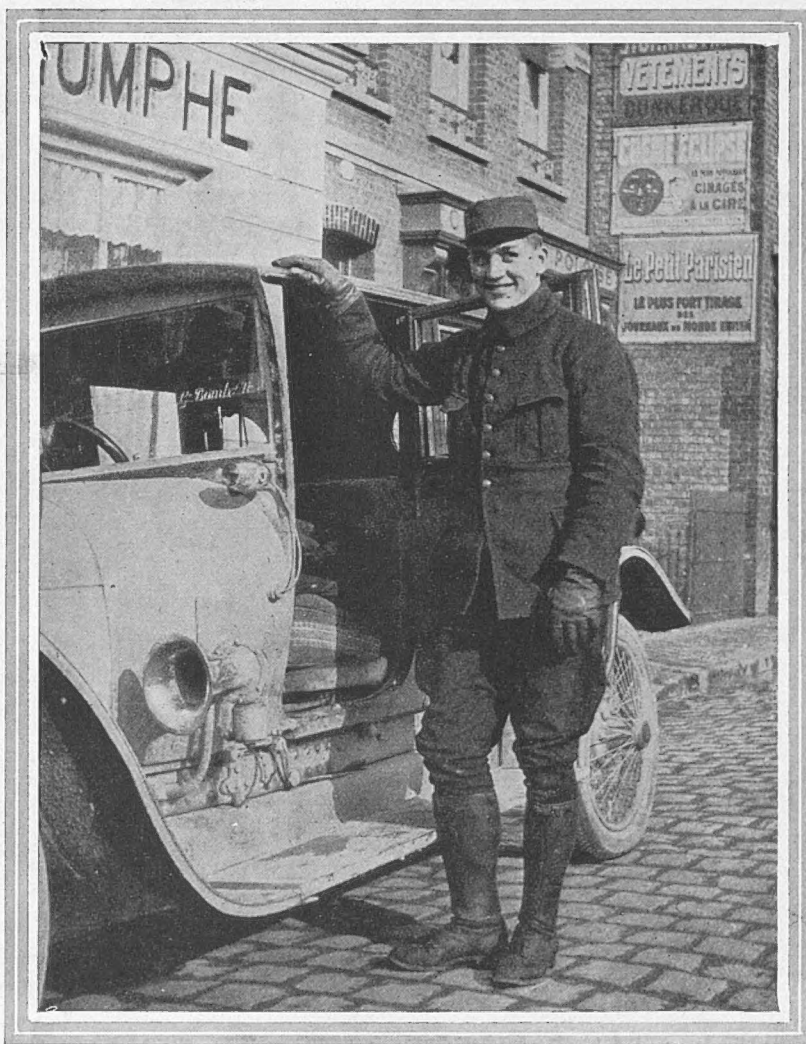
Even if an official announcement be made forthwith, however, or has been made before these lines appear in print, motorists cannot but wonder at the singular and, indeed, unprecedented laxity of the authorities concerned in handling this question. Before long, indeed, it will be a case of "Thank you for nothing," for

the evenings are lengthening out apace. Not many motorists drive at night, in so far as night means after bed-time; but wherein the order has been so irksome is the fact that it has been in force throughout the entire winter, and has practically affected every owner of a car. Offices usually close at six o'clock, and shops later still, but the order has been enforced even at a time when darkness came on at four o'clock. Consequently, it was not only well-nigh impossible to drive to one's business, but runs of any appreciable length into the country have also been impracticable, for the obvious reason that, if the whole morning was spent in driving away from town, there

was not enough time to return over the same distance before entering the Metropolitan area with its thirty-miles' width. The whole thing has been mismanaged, although there was never the slightest necessity for anything of the kind, for it would have been perfectly safe to impose a standard of lighting which would ensure safety where air-ship incursions were concerned, and yet would not have rendered night-driving dangerous and even impossible for the owners of motor-vehicles. Meanwhile, several stipendiaries, notably Mr. Mead, are deserving of high praise for the courageous stand which they put up against the Home Office and Scotland Yard, for they boldly stated their inability to convict under a regulation which not only is of dubious validity, but, even were it otherwise, provides no standard of illumination by which the measure of a man's "offence" can be appraised.

How to Test Over-Inflation.

Time was when every tyre-manufacturer warned all and sundry to inflate their tyres to a high degree of pressure; and more probably than not, this was due to the fact that, in those days, all pumping was done by hand, and with very inefficient implements into the bargain. The correct thing to do nowadays, of course, is to consult a standard table of requisite pressures according to the size of tyre and the load to be carried, and to use this in conjunction with a reliable gauge. But there is also a rough-and-ready method which is by no means indeterminate if no pressure-gauge is handy, and that is to take the car out on to a dry road which is in a bad state of repair and full of holes. Preferably there should be no passengers on the rear seats. If the driving-wheels are pumped up too hard, the driver will experience a constant sensation of incipient skidding, and though he may not actually side-slip, he will not find the car by any means easy to steer. This is evidence that the tyres are so hard that they are bumping over obstacles instead of absorbing them without leaving the ground.



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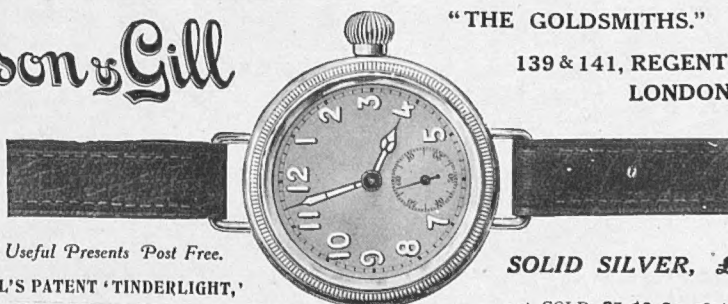


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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"A Drop in Infinity."

BY GERALD GROGAN.
(*The Bodley Head.*)

Had Mr. Grogan been meticulous about his prepositions, he would have put it "A Drop into Infinity," for, as much as anything can be definitely gathered, one gathers that the stray humans whom he follows into some fourth dimension get there by a fall. On a grassy mound at the foot of a cliff, his hero found himself and his right hand buried about three inches underground! He and a charming young woman whom he had long loved but dared not woo met on a Cornish cliff, fell in with a madman, accompanied him to a cave, and the rest is magic. The young woman was dropped previously to her lover, and as they both sat stunned in a new, strange world a long rope dangled down the cliff with a parcel at the end. It contained a ham and some water biscuits thoughtfully provided by the madman. With this they began another life, and the remainder is Robinson Crusoe—or, remembering the feminine element, Swiss Family Robinson. Their island proved not entirely uninhabited, though; the madman, and his name was Hubble Bubble, had sent others on by the same route. An interlude allowed the hero to return to town and furnish himself with scraps of knowledge concerning arts and crafts, get his razors out of pawn, and acquire a few useful tools. His return to Infinity, the recovery of his lost wife, the first baby, intrigues, adventures, and Hubble Bubble's final appearance are whirled before a bemused and befogged reader with as light an air as one might pass the salt at lunch. And yet, in the most fantastic story surely ever written, that Penzance train which ran from Victoria sticks in the memory as the wildest flight of fancy after all.

"Agnes."

BY GEORGE SANDEMAN,
(*Chatto and Windus.*)

An artificial appeal for a return to simple things is the eventual trend of Agnes's story. Ever since Agnes Wickfield embodied all the virtues in Dickens's immortal work, the name reads like a label for piety, colourlessness, and unbelievable sanctity. Mr. Sandeman's Agnes breaks none of the spell. As a story she has less than usual to bring; as a moral enlargement upon the command, "Sell all that thou hast," she displays the image and superscription, but she does not ring true. Neither Agnes, aflame for England, leaving her property and refusing marriage to keep house

for an orphaned fisher family, nor her father, dying under a military stigma because he was aflame for England, quite rings true. There is a lack of humour about him and her and the whole affair that is not really British. Saidie makes the one bright exception, and she is American. She was engaged to the son of a great chocolate firm, and she bought some of his chocolates in a village shop. After a short period of intense depression, she decided to break her engagement. The chocolate was just sugary sand, and it was wrapped in lots of paper bragging of its purity, of the happiness of the niggers who grew it, of the palatial factory of the girls who made it. She was too shocked by this proof of British hypocrisy. "You like everything for something that it isn't!" Chocolate was meant to taste good, and this chocolate didn't; therefore it was fraudulent—purity, niggers, and factory notwithstanding. This solitary, brilliant little sunbeam of satire plays wickedly and for a brief moment about Agnes's dull though haloed head.

"The Carnival of Florence."

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.
(*Methuen.*)

Miss Bowen's historical romance has very nearly become an institution. At her present pace of retrogression we shall have an early Christian study before so very long, and no doubt our growing families will enjoy carefully compiled pictures from her pen where "Isis, Osiris, and the dog Anubis" will stray as nonchalantly as do Leonardo da Vinci or Pico della Mirandola across this latest of her works. There is here, as always, the Macaulay touch, which means that Miss Bowen is a rapid and assimilative reader—one can never imagine her starting out to dust a bookshelf and staying the duster to run a disorganised goose-chase between stray pages. Rather she must be pictured, note-book at side, ready for any jotting of colour, of cut, or of custom that will fit with the period on hand. That is just the drawback of an historical novel—the drawback of the apartment furnished to a period. How perfect, how wearisome, how flat it can be! But Miss Bowen is far too clever and Macaulay-ish ever to be flat or wearisome. On the contrary, she is the indefatigable embroideress of a hundred curious facts stitched upon a canvas of definite opinion. We are most of us so bad at facts—if they happened the day before yesterday—and not one of her readers but will thank Miss Bowen for this chapter of Italian mediæval life, the soul-searching and soul-shaking chapter imposed upon Florence by Savonarola.

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